Daily Eagle

HER MIND NOT MADE UP YET.

You say that you love me, you offer your heart,
And you ask in return for my own;
You speak of a future without pain or cross,
A future no mortal has known.
But are you quite certain that I am the one,
To help you to live life aright?
I would not deceive you, would not disappoint,
So don't ask an answer to-night!

I do not distrust you, nor doubt one sweet word,
Of the beautiful things you have said;
But I think it were better to live far apart,
Than to see these fair hopes lying dead.
For wedlock, you know, is a trial of faith,
Where love makes each shadow seem light,
So don't think me cruel or cold when I say,
Oh, don't ask an answer to-night!

For if you insist, I must only say no,
Though it breaks my heart thus to decide;
For I'd rather go lonely and sad here below
Than to walk a mistake by your side.
You see, I but caution, and ask you to wait,
Until we both know what is right;
And don't think me heartless, though still I repeat,
Oh, don't ask an answer to-night.

Oh, don't ask an answer to-night!
Nay, don't ask an answer to-night!
Just wait till you're sure my heart is secure,
And don't ask an answer to-night.
—Mary E. Buell in Inter Ocean.

TRAIN NO 5.

I am an "old railroader," and I think, in view of the fact that it is almost forty years since I did my first day's work on the iron horse, my claim to that sobriquet is a good one. I am a "prominent official" now, and am permitted to transact most of my business in a pleasantly furnished office overlooking the broad and busy street of a large western city.

Quite frequently old associates, more recent acquaintances and newspaper men drop in to visit me, and, when they see that I am not particularly busy, they are apt to linger long and will sometimes worry me for "a railroad story." Especially is this the case with the reporters when "things are dull" in their own especial line.

"Now, Mr. Rennie," one will say, "we all know that you are an old stager. Your record is public property. You have traveled east and west, north and south, probably half a million miles. Tell us a 'rip snorting' yarn, for The Bangtown Trumpet."

Whereupon I will occasionally humor them and resurrect an old dead and buried reminiscence, but more often I will reply in this wise:

"It is very true, gentlemen; I am indeed an old timer. I have fired up, bossed the throttle, graded roadbeds, dispatched trains and managed two or three thousand miles of railroad property, and yet, I venture to say, that I cannot relate a true story that will be wonderful enough for The Bangtown Trumpet."

There is, however, one incident which came under my especial notice some years ago, that I have never yet related to the reporters or to my more private friends—an incident which, to the best of my knowledge and belief, did not find its way into the newspapers at the time of its occurrence.

In the year 1870 I was the superintendent of motive power on the third division of the Chicago and Arizona railroad. My duties consisted of supervising the movements of some forty locomotives and their crews. I was also in charge of the shops at Axleborough, although they and the great round house were under the more immediate care of the master mechanic.

One day I stood on the huge turn table in the yard, just outside the round house, talking to my friend John Bolton, one of our best passenger conductors. While we were chatting together, a small boy trotted up. I recollected having seen him once or twice about the yard and in town, but I knew nothing about him, not even his name. Bolton, who was a whole souled, genial fellow, passed the time of day to the boy, though he knew no more of him than I did.

The little fellow was as bright as a new dollar and looked as smart as a whip, but he was exceedingly small and I judged him to be about 12 years old.

"If you please, sir," he said, looking me full in the face, "are you the chief of the locomotive department?"

"Well," I replied (with a grim smile, I suspect), "that is not what they call me, although on this division of the C. and A. I am in charge of the shops and locomotives. Why?"

"Because, sir, I want a job. I mean to be a railroad man, anyhow, and want to be an engineer if possible. Can I go to work in the shops?"

I laughed, but John Bolton patted the boy good humoredly on the back as he said:

"Good for you, my son."

"Indeed, sir," continued the boy, who was evidently very much in earnest, "I know a good deal about machinery and locomotives—just try me."

I did ask him a few questions about the construction of an engine, and the boy actually gave me wonderfully intelligent answers.

"You go to school for another year or two, and grow up a few more inches, my boy. Then if you come to me I will put you to work in the shops."

His face clouded as I spoke, and he offered a last word in his own behalf:

"I know I'm small sir, but I'm older than I look. I'll soon be 15, and I'm quite strong."

"Oh, give the boy a show, Rennie," said Bolton, in his slow, good natured drawl. "He'll pan out all right."

"Well," I said, relenting, "what is your name?"

"Charles Stockwell, sir."

"Then, Stockwell, I will give you the first vacant apprentice job."

The lad thanked me joyously enough, but I noticed that he grasped burly John Bolton's hand and thanked him twice over.

Three weeks later I put young Stockwell to work in the locomotive repair shop.

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Six months passed away, and in the autumn a bitter quarrel was in progress between the Chicago and Arizona Railroad company and its employes, chiefly the engineers. At the same time the engineers being for the most part a highly intelligent and sensible body of men, no serious trouble had thus far been experienced, nor was any looked for by the company and its officials. All freight traffic was suspended, but the engineers detailed certain of their number to run the mail and passenger trains.

But there were just a couple of men of whom the officials were somewhat afraid, and who the engineers themselves were fearful would involve them in serious trouble and so damage the cause of the strikers. These were Michael Daly, an engineer, and his fireman—men fearless and thoroughly capable at their work, but who would stop at nothing to accomplish a mean revenge when they considered themselves injured.

One evening express train No. 5 stood in the big barn like depot at Axleborough, about to start for the west. A locomotive had just pulled out of the round house and was "backing up" to the waiting train; it was engine No. 400 and was manned by the very men who were so much disliked by both officers and employes. Nothing much, however, was thought of this. They were closely watched about the shops and yards; when they were in the cab it was tolerably certain they could do no mischief, because any peril to which they might expose the train and passengers must of necessity include themselves.

The conductor was John Bolton and the regular patrons of the C. and A. were glad of it, for when the genial, open countenance and portly form of Conductor Bolton were seen upon the train the passengers knew they were in good hands. He was looking at his watch by the aid of a stray ray from the setting sun when a small boy hurried quietly up.

"Mr. Bolton!"

"Why—hello, my lad! What is it?" said John, who, even when busy, gave a pleasant greeting.

"Mr. Bolton, I'm no sneak or tell tale, but it's only right to let you know that Engineer Daly has been talking ugly this evening. There isn't time to tell you all about it, sir. I heard him and his fireman talking and they mean mischief—this very night. Excuse me for interfering, but you ought to change engineers or else watch Mr. Daly pretty close."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the conductor, with his usual guffaw. "Daly and his man were just talking—those fellows always do like to talk considerably. They won't do any harm—for, don't you see, they can't hurt the train without hurting themselves. I'll keep my eye on them when we stop. Much obliged to you, my lad all the same. All aboard!"

Thirty seconds later the heavy train was moving out of the depot, but no one noticed on the front platform of the forward baggage car, just behind the engine, the curled up form of the undersized boy, Charlie Stockwell.

When the express left Axleborough she was scheduled to run ninety miles across the prairie without a stop, the time allowed being two hours and fifty minutes. Along this ninety miles there were no towns and few settlements, and as No. 5 had the right of way clear through there was no necessity for stopping, or even for slowing up.

The train had run perhaps twenty miles, and was well on to the thinly peopled prairie, when Stockwell, in his hiding place, noticed that they were slowing up. With an effort he climbed on to the tender and cautiously peeped over the coal and wood into the cab. The lad took in the situation at a glance, for this is what he saw: The engineer was at that instant turning on a full head of steam; the fireman was closing the door of the furnace, which he had just filled up with coal; both were preparing to desert the engine.

Charlie debated in his own mind whether he had better go back and hammer on the door of the baggage car to notify the train men or stay where he was and be ready to take the engineer's place. He concluded that it would be safer to stay where he was, and he had hardly arrived at this decision when the engineer and fireman dropped off, one from each side of the locomotive, leaving No. 5 with its living freight to dash onward to destruction.

But quick as a flash the boy hustled over the coal laden tender, down into the cab and took his stand on the plate with the coolness and nerve of a veteran. Yet though his head was level his young blood flowed fast and Charlie Stockwell was a proud lad as he regulated the speed of the giant locomotive. He was sorely tempted to take the train right through to Tetterby Junction, but remembering that he was ignorant of the train orders, his better judgment carried the day. So when, after a nine mile run, he sighted Boonville telegraph cabin, he pulled up his snorting, hissing steed and reported the whole affair to John Bolton.

But the lad was permitted to indulge his wish, after all, for Bolton was so pleased with the brave conduct of the clever young machinist that he insisted upon Charlie's acting as engineer clear through to the end of the run, he himself taking the second place in the cab as Charlie's fireman.

Old John Bolton died last year, but he lived to see his young friend and prime favorite occupying a high position in the mechanical department of a great railroad. But if you, reader, desire to know any more about the plucky young apprentice, just drop a line to Mr. Charles Stockwell, chief engineer of the Denver and Duluth Short Line. He will doubtless answer your letter.—William H. S. Atkinson in Philadelphia Times.

The Telephone Predicted.

In the works of Robert Hooke, published in 1664, is the following forecast of the telephone:

"And as glasses have highly promoted our seeing, so 'tis not improbable but that there may be found many mechanical inventors to improve our senses of hearing, smelling, tasting and touching. 'Tis not impossible to hear a whisper a furlong's distance, it having been already done, and perhaps the nature of the thing would not make it more impossible though that furlong should be ten times multiplied. And though some famous authors have affirmed it impossible to hear through the thinnest plate of Muscovy glass, yet I know a way by which it is easy enough to hear one speak through a wall a yard thick. It has not yet been thouroughly examined how far octocousticons may be improved, nor what other ways there may be of quickening our hearing or conveying sound through other bodies than the air, for that is not the only medium. I can assure the reader that I have, by the help of a distended wire, propagated the sound to a considerable distance in an instant, or with as seemingly quick a motion as that of light, at least incomparably swifter than that which at the same time was propagated through the air, and this not only in a straight line or direct, but one bended in many angles."

Sulphur Fumigation.

Fumigation by the burning of sulphur is the most common method employed by boards of health in the disinfection of apartments in which contagious disease has existed, and the clothing worn by the patients during their illness. In an address delivered by the distinguished chemist, Dr. E. R. Squibb, attention is called to the fact that there must always be an abundance of watery vapor in the room to be disinfected; otherwise the sulphurous acid gas generated by the burning of the sulphur is not an efficient disinfectant. The same is true of chlorine gas when used for disinfecting purposes.